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SUNSET. LAURA GLEEVES.  
LAND GAYLORD. ♫ ♫ ♫ ♫



The sun, setting, bathed the plain in a glory of golden light that spread and spread until it reached the grey old pile of the convent on the hill above. Little pink and tawny clouds floated lightly through the blue, and the mists on the hills were tinged with delicate hues of rose and amber. By the vine-clad wall below the convent stood a novice, the light of the evening dwelling upon her and touching her fresh calm face tenderly with its glow.

Long she stood in silence, gazing over the city in the plain to the light beyond, then with a sudden movement she clasped her hands on her breast.

"How beautiful it is, dear sister," she murmured, in a voice like a cooing dove. "See how the light pours over the plain. It is as if the gates of Heaven were open and one might look in and see the glory of the angels, nay, perhaps even the Holy Mother herself with the Child."

At her words a nun who had been sitting by came and stood at her side. She was no older than the other, but while one face bloomed with the innocent freshness of a child, the other, no less smooth, but darker, showed signs of passion and of pain. The full lips were hard at the corners, the black brows

lowered over eyes that held nothing of peace. They were dull and listless, and a dark line showed beneath them.

"Is it not beautiful, sister?" breathed the novice again.

The nun looked across the glowing plain.

"Yes, it is beautiful," she said slowly. "It is like gold and fire,—fire that burns with scorching liquid flames." Her low voice stopped, and her hands went on with the knitting that they held, while her eyes dwelt on the sunset.

"There is a bay," she began again, "a tiny bay, just a curve in the shore of the Mediterranean. And there is a village on the shore, with a slope above covered with olives, and the sky and sea there are more blue than anywhere else in the world. The sea breaks in a long white line along the shore, and when the sun sets the little fishing-boats with their painted sails come tilting in like wild seabirds. One watches them from the top of the slope."

She stopped with a sharp inward drawing of the breath. The novice, looking up, found her gazing with great dazed eyes like a sleep-walker, while her busy hands went on with the knitting.

"The sunsets there are like fire and gold, and all the waves go flame-tipped in the radiance."

Her hushed voice rose a little. And then the splendor dies and the black clouds rise, heavy and low, and cover all the blue. Then the wind blows, and

and the little fishing-boats scud in, and it is chill and dark on the slope."

**S**he covered her eyes with her hands.

"**I**t is dark on the slope," she whispered, "dark on the slope, and a child cries. Sister," she went on, hurriedly, with a change of voice, "if you were a baby boy, quite a little boy, and you never had a mother, never heard her name nor knew her face, what would you think? Would you feel it strange? Would you be unhappy not to know your mother? Would you put up your tiny hands sometimes in the dark and feel for her, and then when you never found her, would you turn your little soft face into the pillow and cry until you went to sleep? Ah-h—"

**S**he dashed her hands from her eyes, and the novice, cowering against the wall, saw the dark color mount to her cheeks, saw her eyes, listless no longer, burning like fire.

"**A**nd if you were a man, how would you feel then? Ah, it is wonderful to be a man, querida, a strong, broad-shouldered, beautiful man, and to go swinging through the world with a song on your lips and a laugh in your eyes. The air is sweet to your nostrils, and the golden noons and the cool soft nights hold only delight for you. And you whistle for what you want, querida, you whistle for what you want."

**H**er voice, still low, had taken an exultant note. Little pul-

ses beat in her throat, her lips were crimson.

"**V**es, you whistle for what you want, querida, and so great is the pleasure of giving to such as you that none withholds the slightest thing that you ask—nor even the greatest, querida. Hark, what is that?" she cried, suddenly, clutching the novice with fingers that shook, yet hurt in their hold.

**F**ar down the slope beneath them sounded the clear notes of a whistled tune, a wild air, with strange intervals and a curious oft-repeated refrain.

"**H**ush," whispered the nun in a strained voice "He always broke at the turn. Ah-h—" she paused with a shuddering breath as the whistler, essaying a curious bird-like turn, failed and stopped and tried again, going over it triumphantly and finishing the tune, only to begin again.

"**H**e is coming," whispered the nun. "He is coming! We shall see him when he reaches the turn in the road. Oh, if it were not so dark! The dusk is so swift! Can you see the turn by the poplar, sister? Is it too dark?"

"**I**t is not too dark, sister," faltered the novice. "You can still see."

"**H**e is coming!" panted the other.

**T**he clear notes came nearer. The whistler tried the difficult turn, mastered it, gave it again, ending in a rush of notes of wild sweetness, as through the parting of the trees at the turn

turn of the road came a gipsy boy driving a donkey-cart full of pots and pans.

The nun glared fiercely for a moment, while an ashen pallor crept over her face, then with a gasping cry she fled

from the spot, leaving the novice, crouching by the wall, to tell her beads in terror.

The gipsy boy, coming slowly up the road, fell to practicing the turn again.



### LOVE'S SUICIDE.

Jean Wright.

Sweet Love lies dead,  
So stark and cold;  
His golden head  
Rests on the mould.  
Blood red roses  
Flung at his feet,  
Ah Love, fair Love,  
Thou wert so sweet!  
  
So cold and stark  
Sweet Love lies slain;  
Over his heart  
One crimson stain,  
The fair dead past  
Can ne'er awake,  
Love slew himself  
for his own dear sake.